

IT STARTS AT HOME

RENEE OWLEY

my hands are desert canyons
cracked and red
sapping precious moisture
leaking away slowly my life's blood

my thoughts are debt collectors
unrelenting and unfeeling
harassing me all hours of the day and night
pushing me ever closer to the edge

the sun is a playground bully
taunting and teasing
beckoning me out
driving me back in with hard cold

my job is a cesspool
teeming and bustling
dirtying me
exposing me
with every breath under that roof

the news is venom
embellishing and down-playing
coursing through
necrotizing me word by word